"A year has passed away."

Through leaves of golden red;

Around us all the wonders

Of Nature's slow decay;

But loud as crashing thunders Our welcome rings to-day.

Although the year is dying,

An end of weary sighing, And peace to weary strife;

While every pulse is thrilling,

And bounding to the sway Of passion, madly ringing, "We meet on Christmas day."

I know sweet eyes will brighten,

O'er looks for which I yearn,

Will meet on Christmas day."

Maudie's Christmas.

Like some beautiful dream of the

poet's fancy she stood before the long

carelessly braided into a coronet upon the queenly head, and amid its dark shad-

ows there glistened a tiny star of glow-

With a careless hand she took the jew-

els from the casket before her, and then,

toward the mirror to finish her toilet.

sympathetic tone. Would she never un-

her position. Had he married a beauti-

With a sigh which she neither heard

ful doll or a woman?

only your imagination,"

Of all glad hearts the gladdest

Will meet my own-to say, "My love and I who love her

form in long, waving folds.

Christmas, '77.

ing diamonds.

from her.

And swiftest blushes burn, And dusky lashes darken

Farewell to sapphire splendor Of summer-tinted skies,

And scented winds low whispers, And bending flowers' replies I bear the joy-bells ringing-So near, so far away-This happy message bringing, We meet on Christmas day.

And, though the world be cheerless, And though the skies be gray, felt once more their clinging hold. For me the air is golden As any summer's day. Beneath the bronzing branches Our last farewell was said, With golden sunlight glancing

of the cold winter morning. that fated evening. The music came to makes every true mother a beautiful dered baby!" and lay the little one in her sad and mournful, and in her ear woman in the holiest sense of the word. my arms. God helped me at first, and

the mother's neck.

girl, "I must go."

arms extended toward her.

thrill, the baby arms around her neck. patient wife, he was never too drunk to was washing and dressing the little one With a shiver she drew her wraps close fondle the little girl. around her. Still she felt their clasp, and now with a strange undefinable shudder, she sank further into the corner of to me one day as he tossed the child over forgive him.

mirror, arrayed in costly velvet that ness only to fatigue.

swept the floor and draped her exquisite steps. How strange and silent every- to her mother or me with a look of terror her cradle beside her. The gleaming dark brown hair was thing seems. The house is so cold and in her blue eyes that would have broken so dark. The lights are all out—the the heart of any other father; but Steve cloud of death had floated over the May the voungest, favors her father. She has servants must all be in bed. Her hus- did not seem to mind it. band passes into the library to light his

Up the steps she drags her tired feet—
at every step the pleading eyes of Maudie
meet her gaze, and they are filled with
silent tears. The baby-arms cling to

with a patient smile," "but never mind, she will love me better when she gets big enough to help me float the rafts."

Ah! little Beth, was your fear of the

with a patient smile," "but never mind, she will never forget more sunlight! But I shall never forget may feeders, and look out upon the world in a my first bereavement—never forget that first night watch with the dead.

Ah! little Beth, was your fear of the lower class with a dissatisfied look, she flung them What did she care for diamonds?

Past her own door, through the long, afford to fling them away-she, the banktrailing with a strange, deadened sound along the floor. How still the house is! Christmas gifts for each one of the happy on she passes till she reaches the nurhousehold were hid away under lock and gossip over their pot of coffee by the blazdoor-the maid is lying on a rug in front baby Beth. of the fire, fast asleep. The fire is almost out, and the room looks cold and dreary. Something, she cannot tell lovely vision reflected in the glass before her. She was beautiful and she knew off her shawls and wraps and looks she was queen in the society in which

bowed down and worshipped her, and for were naught; she loved society and admicold; the hands are like marble. Too worker." many a woman before her, she bowed to the fatal goddess and trampled on her This very night-Christmas eve it was -her husband had implored her to stay at home, if not for his sake, for Maudie's, touch of love or sympathy in her beautijust. But oh! just to hear that pitiful wife." ful eyes, "I have said I would go, and I cry once more; just to feel the tiny arms | There was to be music and a dance in shall;" and then she had turned carelessly "But Maudie is not well," he said ap "Oh, pshaw! she is well enough; it is With a sigh he had turned away. This

pointment. ook upon his face. With a light touch Lower falls the mother's head until at last it drops upon. Maudie's golden hair.
One fair arm is thrown around the child's head, and the mother's dark hair mingles with her darling's sunny tresses. In her tortured, grieving heart there is no lack

woman's voice. I opened the door and there door and there before the fire sat the poor mother baby, my beautiful pitcher-plant; God palsy the hand that struck you! Where par lal visitors as a candidate for the prize for the most beautiful mother. Her boy Charlie is entered for the prize for 5-yearshe laid one jeweled hand upon his shoulder and looked up into his face, her eyes glowing with a strange, questioning look tortured, grieving heart there is no lack

of love now. cause he was looking for every symbol of teals into the room and silently falls little Beth was dying.

"Where's Steve?" I asked, throwing Oh the beautiful spirit of forgivene upon the two beautiful faces. The bells power of her beauty rushed over him mournfully upon the chill, cold air and sound the death knell unto the mother's uplifted eyes, with their strange, dreamy

ook, thrilled him as they had so often Softly the door opens, and the husdone before. With a low cry, half of band and tather stands before them, joy and half of pain, he took her in his awed by that scene of death and beauty. arms and held her close. And she was In his heart the grief and the pain all his own-this beautiful being whom have entered, but in the mother's attitude he recognizes the beauty and the bowed before as to a goddess. And tenderness of her woman's heart. At yet-her heart, her soul-where were last he has found his wife's soul, and As the thought came again into his mind, he put her suddenly from him,

murmuring, "I am a fool, she is like all The two beautiful heads are close together. The mother's dusky hair is "What did you say?" said Arline incrowned with its star of light-but he differently, who had caught the latter sees it not; he sees only the crown of part of his faint whisper.
"Nothing," he said, struck by the unmotherhood and beauty which God has placed upon it.

"Arline!" he clasps her slender form derstand him-would she never love as in his tender arms and kneels beside her. In that cry his heart goes forth to that be like this, and was the welfare of their child naught to her, that she could forbut left in its stead a mother's noble get it for the sake of society who loved

her only for her beauty, her wealth and heart. A Brief Love Story.

This is a Christmas love story as told

nor felt, he had gone from her leaving her radiant and happy. Why should he by the Utica Herald : grieve—all women were alike, soulless and indifferent, should he expect her to be any different? Why should he care so long as she seemed happy?

Arline was just putting on the most agies of Arline was just putting on the most agies and wanted to know the story she said it was here the more.

Why should he care so long as she seemed happy?

Arline was just putting on the most agies and wanted to know the story she said it was not written, but she could tell it. The most aging on the pignt and a spanish gentleman called on her.

Why should he expect her to into the Herald office and wanted to know give him. My husband! Great God, and he has killed his own child. My but always behaved right—at least so far as asked to show the story she said it was not written, but she could tell it. The most aging on the pignt has the angels carried because of the finest indicated in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker, "but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the worker," but never a "hard drinker" any inglet, after having been lying out in the w Arme was just putting on her gloves when the maid came in with little one was given a seat, and told her year old Maudie in her arms. When she caught sight of her mother's dazzling jewels and costly robes, her delight knew part of the days and costly robes, her delight knew part of the days and costly robes, her delight knew part of the days and parties and parties and told her the maid came in with little one was given a seat, and told her look for stony-heart-edness—not in the lowe and repentance into your father's ladies called to see her while she was sick, and told her look for stony-heart-edness—not in the lowe and repentance into your father's ladies called to see her while she was sick, and told her look for stony-heart-edness—not in the some and with a gush of tears fell on the face lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman was taking lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman was taking lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman was taking lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman was taking lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman called to see her while she was sick, and told her look for stony-heart-edness—not in the world of business; not among the poor, and with a gush of tears fell on the face lessons in the languages. The Spanish gentleman was taking lessons in French. Mrs.

## WEEKLY CLARION.

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for the last time.

"No, Betsy, it will not be noticed," I

untry people of the lower

father, and, crazed by drink and the

taunt of his baby's fear of him, he struck

on the tender little cheek that the poor

"Oh, my baby, my poor little baby!

LITTLE BETH.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

it. It is such a sad little story for Christ- tears. "Take her away," said Arline to the mas Eve, this blessed season, when we all try so bravely to hide our tears for the Does it hurt so bad, my precious little Poor blind mother, she did not see how dead under our smiles for the living; and lamb?" moaned the heart-broken mothflushed the little face was nor how hot the to be glad and merry with the children. er, as, with a convulsive tremor, the

But it was on this day, many years child sobbed and straightened itself in tiny hands were. Putting the arms from her neck she glided from the room even ago, that little Beth died, and the mem- her arms. while the pitcous voice resounded there. ory of the baby girl twines itself among "It does not hurt her now, Betsy; She did not stop to see the tears stealing the ivy and holly that wreathe my other nothing will ever hurt her any more. down the little face, nor the imploring Christmas memories so closely that if I Little Beth is dead." should untwine the tender liftle vine, the Ah! there are many sorrowful sights Too late Arline saw them. When the whole beautiful shining garland would fall in the world. Sorrow is woman's heritlips were cold and still and a merciful to pieces, and berry and leaf be lost. age. Tears are the pearls she wears of-

God had hushed forever the pitiful cry, Ah! to how many of us would the tenest, and the keen pick ax of pain can she heard and saw it all. When the walls of our life be bare of Christmas cut our hearts to the quick in many arms, she had carelessly brushed away, pictures if the sweet face of a little child places, but there is nothing so sorrowful, were stiff and cold-then she would have did not smile down on us under its wreath nothing so pitiful in God's beautiful given all the years of her life to have of Chistmas ivvs! And vet little Beth world as the sight of a mother over ber was no more to me than every soft, fair. dead baby; and no pang so full of quiv-The morning light was just faintly faced dimpled baby that will coo and ering anguish as the mother feels when dawning in the East, when Arline cuddle up to our bosoms is to every the coffin lid hides the little white face of stepped from the brilliantly lighted motherly, affectionate girl; and the her darling from her longing eyes forev-halls of the gay mansion into the gloem mother of little Beth was only the wife er. God help you, poor mothers! God of one of my father's raftsmen, a plain be very tender and pitiful to you, and When the carriage door closed, she piny-woods woman with no grace or ac God comfort you as He did, at the leaned back against the cushioned seat complishment beyond keeping a tidy last, comfort the mother of little Beth. and wearily shut her eyes. Some how house, cooking a good meal for Steve the vision of Maudie's hungry blue eyes when he came off the logs, and loving suaded the poor woman to cease her franhad haunted her amid all the triumph of baby Beth with that unselfish love that tic cry of "My baby, my poor little mur-

rang the cry, "Don't go, mamma, please | Steve was a hard man as the word goes | then the arrival of neighbors awakened Amid the laughter and the among men. A hard worker, a hard that sensitive pride which dwells in the light and the gayety, she saw only the fighter, a hard husband, and alas for the heart of every true wife—that no matter wistful eyes with their sad, unchildlike mother of little Beth, a hard drinker too, what the fault of the husband may be, at times. But he loved his baby, and prevents her speaking of it to others. And now amid the cold and gloom of although he was often cross and surly, the dark morning she felt, with a strange and sometimes brutally abusive to his be noticed?" she whispered to me as I

"Beth is my little pitcher-plant and his head, caught her in his long arms and The poor have no "best room." The On, on sped the horses. At last the pressed his lips to her mouth as though mother of little Beth was put to bed by door of her own home is reached. Her he would drink her up in one big gulp. kind hands, and the litle one-robed in husband opens the door and helps her But the child did not return his love. her dainty Christmas dress, with little out. He looks anxiously at the pale face | She was a delicate, timid little thing, and | feet that would dance no more at my uplifted to his, but attributes the pale: the father's rough ways and loud voice coming, encased in the pretty Christmas frightened her, and she would scream as stockings, and little white hands folded With a languid step she reached the if in pain and reach out her pretty arms over her innocent bosom -was laid in

Up the steps she drags her tired feet— with a patient smile," "but never mind, with tears and cried out: There is no from her wooden wrapper at the admiring Monday evening? Respectfully

It was Christmas Eve, and how happy shrink from "sitting up with dead folks," dark halls she sweeps, her velvet robes I was! My heart was as merry as a and three kind but superstitious women Elizabeth, N. J., behind a large basket wasery door. Here she stops and holds her key, and among them a dainty dress and ing kitchen fire. breath-not a sound. She opens the two little white knitted stockings for my Slowly the hours of Christmas Eve in

many visits between my Christmas plans ness of the room was broken only by the lean. Ellen Frances shows best when she what, seems pressing around her heart. Her hands are growing cold. She drops her lonely mother.

many visits between my Christmas plans ness of the room was broken only by the for amusement to the little sufferer and her heart. Her hands are growing cold. She drops her lonely mother.

around—where is Maudie! Oh, here she is fast asleep beneath the rose-col- the heavy rafts that came rushing down ly over the little dead body and thought ly over the little dead body and thought cherubs, and each pair is receiving a great ored silken coverlet—her dimpled hands folded.

Stooping down to the tiny form, she

Stooping down to the tiny form, she kisses the lips. Asleep! with a mad cry she starts back, then cials and gone plunging to the lake. Cool heads and strong hands were needed cry she starts back, then cials and day, and never beross had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels of the lake. Steve so well deserved the name of thard let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels of the lake. Suisse dress, blue or pink sash, and cherry-had let out of the gates of beaven like at the angels of the lake. Cool heads and strong hands were needed at the beat. The lips are icy strong at the cool of the lake. Cool heads and strong hands were needed at the beat. The lips are icy strong at the cool of the lake. Cool heads and strong hands were needed at the lake at the lake. Cool heads and strong hands were needed at the lake at the lake

awful truth. She is asleep—yes, asleep table that night, glancing at me over his forever! Moan after moan comes from cup of tea, "this has been a hard day tace, as though he hed just wakened williams, who is over six feet in stature. It her colorless lips; she does not cry out with the log-men, but the rafts have been from some horrible dream, strode into the with the log-men, but the rafts have been from some horrible dream, strode into the mayor or institute the rafts have been from some horrible dream. -she only kneels there in silent agony made secure for the night, and Steve room. ished her, but through all that madden- have ever seen him. Perhaps some of Beth?" ing grief and pain she knows that God is you had better run over and look after his

around her neck. To the very ground the parlor after supper-merry games dying. she would humble her beauty and her with the children, and love-making with pride if, for one moment, she could feel a handsome cousin over the glowing emhands, or be able to lavish on her the had gone and the children were in bed my ears until my dying day. love her child's heart craved and died dreaming of Santa Claus. But love for pleading. The lips no longer quiver door of Steve's humble house. My by the cradle and attempted to raise the with their baby yearnings and disap knock was answered by a faint "come little head from its pillow. in," that sounded more like a sob than a woman's voice. I opened the door and could; but let me kiss the place where I are remarkably peaceable. Under circum-

its little cold cheek, told me, young as I place quick that I may wash it out with

"dead drunk and fast asleep. Don't herself in his arms, crying out—"I will brief and accidental.

Wake him, for God's sales"

Thele you to wash it out. Steve. God help Every mother is required to be seated in wake him, for God's sake,"

Steve must be called," I answered. me that my baby is dying. She is all I side the dead baby, with arms clasped my poor little murdered baby."

'You are beside yourself, Betsy; Steve would never strike his own child, and he wound its way through the village streets must be called. The child-

She stopped me with a look that I had I pray God I may never see again. God who has taken Maudie's tender soul, kill him if I have to cut his throat while graveyard.

"Betsy ! dead he lies drunk in that bed."

"Betsy!"

"Don't look at me in that soft way, Miss Pearl, don't tell we what you always and of the master of the new children it is always said—"Steve is a good man and a hard Miss Pearl, don't tell we what you always and of the master of the new children it is always colored women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was bed, and started to lea

struck her with his fist-struck her there they shone on the shepherds, when the tors in value search for their fathers, are on on her pretty white cheek. Oh, my baby, angels sang "peace on earth, good wilt to man," I left them alone together. A child's humble funeral procession

on Christmas evening. A little grave, never seen in a woman's eyes before, and the inscription: "Baby Beth, 1 year "If he touches my baby again I will and beautiful with flowers in the village A pretty new house has sprung up in

place of the log cabin-new children "Yes, kill him, dead, dead, dead, as dance over its floors, peep out of its windows, and call a happy woman mother, and of the master of the new house and

MISCELLANEOUS. her a terrible blow with his brawny fist For THE CLARION.]

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

I come from the desolate region, 'Neath the track of the wheeling bear,

Where the ice bergs, numbering legions, Groun like demons in despair; As they clash midst the darksome alleys,

The yawning cliffs between, Whilst the Aurora Borealis Sheds its weird light o'er the scene.

I've swept o'er the glaciers, creeping Slowly seaward to their graves, And the ice-mailed islands, keeping Silent watch amidst the waves;

Then I rushed, my strength outporing, O'er the snows of Labrador, Whilst I burled the billows, roaring, 'Gainst the rocks and trembling shore

All the starry hosts of heaven, And the moon and blessed sun, With my cloud flag, torn and riven,

I blot out every one; And the lakes and brooks and rivers At my touch grow still and dumb, And the forest moans and shivers,

As with terror, when I come. From the ragged clouds I'm driving, I shake the snow and sleet, Till the flowers, no longer living, Lie all buried at my feet;

When the birds I've hushed or banished, And the earth is made the tomb Of the beautiful forms that vanished When I came with death and gloom.

J. R. E.

CHERUBS IN ARMS.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT NEW YORK BABY SHOW.

Triplets and Twins and Single Infant Phenomena --- An Interesting Sight.

New York Sun of November 28.] Mr. and Mrs. Finkelstone arrived late at the baby show in Midget Hall yesterday

morning. They were eagerly looked for by the managers. In their coach were Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah, whose combined birth sky of my life. Since then the cloud has thick, black hair, but her face is not so large "You women folks have spoilt her," he would say as he handed her over to us long days, and I have lifted up eyes blind belle. All day she made contemptuous faces

cricket and lighter than the thistle down. who had assisted me in "laying out" the gon, which, however, is too small to contain Slowly the hours of Christmas Eve in which I had expected to be so merry wore tisguished one from another only by the aby Beth.

But little Beth was sick; had been sick away and at last the hands of my watch.

Their mother claims as one point of excelall the week before, and I had made pointed to 2 o'clock. The sacred still- lence that they are not too fat and not too Steve was busy on the logs, for the just looked at the mother and found her They are the favorite triplets now for beau-

The prevailing style in dress is white the next room was hurriedly opened and dreamily looking at the American flags that cold; the hands are like marble. 100 worker."

the next room was hurriedly opened and late the mother's heart has caught the "Girls," said my father at the supper Steve, with wild blood shot eyes and a the room strive in vain to class their hands never cries.

The mothers have very indefinite notions

and makes no murmur. God has pun- went home an hour ago drunker than I "What's up? Where's Betsy? Where's as to why their babies should take the prizes. The mother of fifty four specially claims "There," I answered, pointing to the child has a very deep mouth. It had man-aged to swallow two-thirds of a new lead little white robed figure in the cradle; "there, and you struck her while she was pencil before the property could be recovered. Next it grabbed for the reporter's note book, which was norrowly rescued. Its name is Joseph. The mother of one hun-"God forgive me for my cruelty !" The groan with which the man answered me dred and fifty-six says she won't call the the tender caresses of Maudie's loving bers of the big wood fire after the guests as he staggered to the cradle will ring in child handsome because visitors can see for "Don't touch her, don't dare to touch the child is unusually smart on its feet and for. But, no! Maudie's face gleamed little Beth was stronger than love for the my baby; I will kill you if you do!" The claim made for it is its wonderful aplike an angel's through the gloom, and 'handsome cousin," and in less than ten from it now has fled the look of piteous minutes time I stood knocking at the bed and grasping his hands as he knell bed and grasping mouth without shutting its eyes. Richard and Emily, 4-months-old twins are numbered 55. Richard is a brunette and Emily "Kill me, Betsy! Would to God you a blonde. It is claimed for them that they

olds. He is a brown-haired Charlie Ross, was, what the tenderest and most skillful my tears. Oh, how it hurt. See how who carries his ringlets tucked up under a

mother is so slow to know—told me that little Beth was dying.

black it is. Oh, Betsy, it will stay there black velvet hat.

At about 9:30 o'clock Gen. Mite and Minnie Obom, the Midgets, who had been on ex-"Where's Steve?" I asked, throwing out. My God: Forever, lorever! hibition in the first story, walked up to see aside my shawl and beginning to chafe Oh the beautiful spirit of forgiveness the babies, many of whom would have been that God has put into the heart of wo troublesome customers for the General to "Hush! hush!" whispered the woman, raising her eyes to mine with a look of mingled anger and terror; "he is in there," pointing to the adjoining room, tidend despite the distribution of the probably felt was equally briggered and the probably felt was equally briggered and the probably felt was equally briggered and accidental.

help you to wash it out, Steve. God help her assigned place on the platform which teve must be called," I answered.

"Dying! Oh, Miss Pearl, don't tell eyes to behold, and there, kneeling beand uncontrollable infants. The favorite ateven though it be bought through his child's death, he knows that God has my baby dying! My God!—and he Christmas stars shining down on them as the charge of the faces of visiting the control of the faces of the f mothers are allowed a cup of coffee each, time." piece of pie, or two sandwiches without the pie. The German mothers generally choose | ed by her father, about two years ago, to the two sandwitches; the American mothers

and 5 months old"-is always kept green Aunt 'Liza Wins the Good Fight.

"Doctor, is I got to go ?"

"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you.' "Bres de Great Master for his Goodness. Ise ready."

Actine was just putting on her gloves when the manife cause in with title two when the manife cause may be the call when the proposal part of the proposal p

"MRS. MARY BELL."

Truth Stranger Than Fiction. WHO CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE

HAPLESS YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS WELL EDUCATED-REARED IN THE LAP OF LUX-UNY -- AND BURIED IN THE POTTER'S FIELD. A Nad Story of Real Life and Its Warning!

New York World, December 14.] Mention has been made of the sudden leath, at a Macdongall street boardingman who according to the testimony of those who knew her at the last, had evidently been educated to a degree far beautiful to the testimony of those who knew her at the last, had evidently been educated to a degree far beautiful to the testimony of the second to the sec house list Monday evening, of a young wodently been educated to a degree far be- feathers, and the famous feather flowers and the common, and whose youth seemed to have been spent in luxury and refine-ment. She died penniless, and, ur less the brilliant coloring, are scarcely more beaubody is reclaimed to-day from the Morgue, tiful than the snow japonicas worn by a The little wavelets leaped to look, will be buried in the Potter's Field.

and seems to have been the result of a recklessness born, perhaps, of her hapless situation. She had been living under the assumed
name of Mrs. Mary Bell, but gave her real
name and the address of her taker only a name and the address of her father only a few hours before she died, requesting the physician who attended her, Dr. Thomas S. to be washed and penued up to dry be-Easton, to telegraph immediately to the ad- fore their feathers could be used." dress in case anything serious happened to French flowers were more than scarce, her. This was done Tuesday morning, but as yet no response has been received. The and nearly all bonnet trimings, as well And woke their sleepy mate to tell father is said to be a wealthy gentleman of as the bonnets, were home-made. New Orleans—the dead woman's husband another well-known resident of the same city. She was not more than twenty-eight ruches and rosettes of ravelled silk—these ity. She was not more than twenty-eight years of age; said she had been educated abroad, and certainly spoke several languages; was proficient in music and a flu- the women managed well enough exent conversationalist. Five weeks before her death she engaged board of Mrs. Holly, at No 134 Macdougall street, a representative house in that locality. A week ago last Tuesday her child, a little girl, was born.

The Threatened Veto.

The Threatened Veto.

The Silver bill is set for the special order in the Senate for to-morrow, Tuesday, and we shall, therefore, soon know its tate in

female infirmary in West Twenty-fifth veritable sky-scrapers, high coal-scuttle importance that the Senate majority in fastreet. I have been advertising the place to make it better known. Here is the first letter I got from Mrs. Bell. It has no date, but the faces were buried. In truth, however, the faces were buried. They I believe, was a Sunday:"

[Confidential.] MR THOMAS S. EASTON: THOMAS S. EASTON:

DEAR SIR: Excuse my addressing you in articles usually of feminine manufacture. Itreasury, of silver bullion to the value of not less than \$2,000,000, nor more than \$4.5 this way, but I presume you are aware of our being compelled to act against our will sometimes and to do things most revolting dividing favor with knitting, since both Bland bill naked as it came from the House.

This might as well be done; for, since there to our finer feelings through unavoidable could be done by a dim light, and This might as well be done; for, since there ircumstances. But enough of all this, and artificial means of illumination were scant side and the creditor class, backed by Mr. let me come to the point at once. Can you call on me at your earliest convenience? I must have a private talk over matters with yielded its torches in abundance, but its you in regard to my confinement, which I | flickering blaze, albeit bright and pictur- stake. The popular demand is for the coluexpect to take place in January. I would like to know a little more of the female infirmary, of 144 West Twenty-fifth street under your supervision, as i saw in last Sunday's Hersid. If nothing the prevents well to do farmers and wealthy contract what the mints be set to work, at their full capacity, turning them out as fast as possible—these dollars, the product of our own miners, well to be a full legal tender for all debta, of whatever amount, public as well as private. you can I expect you either Sunday or Monday evening? Respectfully Mrs. M. Bell. Candle, history will probably never tell mote of hand of individuals, and it is on MRS. M. BELL,

134 Macdongal st., cor. West Third St. us; but from Virginia to Texas, it be this broad issue that the struggle had bet-This note was written with a good, firm steady hand, but the words were so run towritten in the candle-was a long rope of wax,

'in due time, and found her to be one of the pencil, wound on a wooden stand or frame the pretence of the public credit—as if the "in due time, and found he to be one of the most attractive women I have ever seen, so —the Confederate candlestick. To make holders, were not the real interpreters and far as at pearances go. Her large eyes, that were full of expression, were not ready black but very dark. Her hair reached almost to her knees, for the day that I saw her it was unbound. When you looked at her she did not strike you as being a pretty woman, but her manner was charming. She had, but her manner was charming. She had a peculiar laugh, and when this laugh came it was like a burst of sunshine from behind mixture. The rope was usually a long too readily to the influence of Secretary Sherman, one of the authors of the demonstration transfer of the demonstration of the demonstration of the surface of the surface of the surface of the surface of the demonstration of the surface of the surfa

history, but most of it was confidential. end left free was drawn through a strip and the people. He has seen it to oppose the rest I will give you as she gave it to me. Here is the last note I got from her. of tin nailed for the purpose on the top the recent elections and in the house of the was just before she confined. The note, of the candlestick. As the candle burned it appears, was written in the morning, away the waxen rope was unwound, still the unjust demands of the while the woman was evidently suffering following out the similards of the real of lors. He gives the sancti greatly. It was not delivered, however, till 10 o'clock at night, when a servant girl yarn. The light was dim but clear and The first lines of the note were written ecame more steady after the beginning.

The note was in regard to her condition, safe to leave it long with no one near.

Bridling the Tongue

larly over our tongues.

"All for Love."

and begging the physician to call at once upon her.
"The child, though premature," said Dr. Easton, "proved to be a fine healthy girl, and was given over to Mr. Kellock, Super-intendent of the Out-Door Poor, who has taken good care of it. After the mother's confinement puerperal mania ensued. The has a doubt as to the importance of this lit is not a mere question of was no one with her. I felt her pulse, and as I did so she pulled back her arm and said, 'Why, doctor, you are breaking my bones.' Then she said.

Some are more thoughtful extort it from Ma. Haves' reluctant grasp. See, you have broken my arm.' By her own confession she had just taken a cold bath. I said, 'My God, woman, you will kill yourself.' I left my son there that

doubt as to where she did live. At the hotel she met a man who paid her attention, and afterwards succeeded in betraying her. Her stay in New York being longer than she had expected she sent home for \$500 and got it. When this had been spent by herself and her paramour she sent for more. her clothing, and finally had only two changes of attire left. Then the man desect-

ed up in bed just as I was leaving, and, asking for pencil and paper, very hastily wrote this address, and told me to telegraph to her father if anything should happen to her."

answer. The authorities have promised forbid it! To guard against this, we ounces of peppermint essence. He unthat in case her body is buried without be shall do well to improve by trying to corked it, touched the contents of the ing claimed by friends the spot shalt be gain control over ourselves, and particuband, handing it forward toward the husband,

marry, against her will, a man about sixty From the Greenup (Ky.) Independent.]
years of age, and one child was bord to that her mind be distracted and that she would return recovered. During her mania ley Ooseley, a lunatic. Until ten days "Tuthache, you fule! If you don't upon an imaginary plane. When first applied to Dr. Easton told her that his fee would be \$50. He finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently that the light of reason left when the finally charged \$25, \$20 wehemently the finally charged \$25, \$20 mess. Ise ready."

Would be \$50. He finally charged \$25, \$20 of which was paid him by Mrs. Holly, and him, and he is now a maniac. We hurried out, with his antchel in one hand the remaining \$5 Mrs. Bell paid herself. were not able to find out the grounds and the bottle in the other.

Two Dollars a Year. Ont of the silences make me a hymn.

ECONOMY UNDER THE BLOCK. Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim. ADE. Out of the stillness in your heart-A thousand songs are sleeping there-

Ingenuity of Southern Women in Domestic Matters.

Mrs. M. P. Handy in Phitadelphia Weekly Times.]

A chant of wee, Out of the stillness, tone by tone, Ingenuity kept pace with necessity, oft as a snowflake, wild as a moan and Confederate women found time and means to make many pretty trifles. Rab Out of the darknesses it ish me a song, bit, ofter and muskrat skins, tanned at Brightly dark and darkly bright; home, were home-made into sets of furs The mystical shadows of the night, which would not have done discredit to a

NO SECRET.

MAKE ME A SONG

EATRER RYAN.

And wing each note with a wail of woe,

Out of the silences make me a song, Beautiful, sad and soft and low;

Let the lonelicst music sound along

Dim and drear

The song of a hope in a last despair,

Dark and low,

Her death occurred soos after child birth, and seems to have been the result of a reck-My Jamie first kissed me.

The roguish stars amain did wink And twinkle in their giee, While sidelong glances cast the moon,

The birds along the river bank

That Jamie had kissed me. Oh, Jamie, Jamie, moor our bark And let us somewhere flee.

and Monday evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the mother died.

"For some time past," said Dr. Easton yesterday, "I have been identified with a rmies gave way, they stood revealed in high coal another. their ingenuity was wonderful. They in the Senate. It will become a law, Mr. believe, was a Sunday."

their ingenuity was wonderful. They in the Senate. it will become a law, Mr. Hayes' veto notwithstanding. It is thought and shoes (cloth shoes to which the shoe- the Senste will strike out the Allison amendmaker added the soles), as well as other | ment providing for the purchase by the age of silver dollars without limit, and that

about the thickness of an ordinary lead finished, the candle was wound upon the for it may be, we have before us the unfor-"She told me something of her personal candlestick like yarn upon a reel. The tunate fact of a quarrel between Mr. Hayes of tin nailed for the purpose on the top the recent elections and in the house of refollowing out the similitude of the reel of ors. steady, and near the candle was sufficient | debt burden of the people for the benefit of for all ardinass purposes. The line of the people for the centil of candle required watching, and it was un-Perhaps we cannot practice a better discipline than by bridling or gaining cond time I called on her I rapped at the discipline, let him read what St. James finance. It is a question of forcing our hondoor, and she said, 'Come in, doctor.' I thought by the sound that some one besides thought by the sound that some one besides herself was in the room, and so I was slow the sound that some one besides herself was in the room, and so I was slow that it is a terrible description of a haven threatened veto. A veto defeat will to enter. When I went in, however, there most deadly evil, and yet every word of only exasperate it. The people are deter-

It Wasn't the Toothache

night to watch her. He began about 9 o'clock and stayed till morning. Mrs. Holly was very kind indeed, and her brother too. They were willing to do all they too. They were willing to do all they could to help and comfort her. The next language, but it is true. Self-control is free Press, were a newly married couple from Green Lake. They had been will could to help and comfort her. The next night I left my boy in the house again, and when I went to the place the next morning I found the woman dead.

"I cannot betray her family, and I will only tell you what she told me without reserve. She said that she came to this city in the latter part of 1876 accompanied by a server of 1876 accompanied by a in the latter part of 1876 accompanied by a confidential maid-servant. First, she said she stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel, but afterwards she denied that and left me in dentities of improper expression in word is as Christ-like or perfect as he can ever be in this world. Sometimes the Metropolitan Hotel, but as he can ever be in this world. Sometimes the excuse is made for evil speak—walked in, saw them thus scated, and in a local stranger from the confidence of the confid

self and her paramour she sent for more, fend. They are as lights and witnesses but made no answer. After two or three but did not get it. After this she pawned in the world. They are the Saviour's minutes the long waisted man again re-

"If that woman has got the toothache seek to be as much like Him as possible. "The last night before she died she jump- Never should they forget that by their I've got a bottle of peppermint in my

ever receives. How swful the thought around, and the husband looked somethat by our words and acts we may be. what embarrassed. The man from down of the lady's father, in confidence.
"I telegraphed as soon as she was dead,"

that by our words and acts we may be.

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The manner of the lady's father, in confidence.

"I telegraphed as soon as she was dead," he continued, "but as yet I have not had an ers may fall and be lost forever! God shirt and collars, and brought up four

handing it forward toward the husband feelingly said : "Just have her sop some on a rag and rub her gooms with it. We've used it in our family for-

R. C. Hannahs and George Fanins, The bride's eyes threw out sparks as unhappy one. She became very melan-choly, and was sent to this city, in the hope County on Tuesday, bound for Lexing-tion, and striking at the bottle she

Mrs. Bell would break out in bursts of song, showing thorough familiarity with operatic, music accompanying herself at the time | quiet. Yet for a number of months a love | the tuthache you'd better pick grass with